Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 16, 1917.
Dear Santa Claus:—

I am a little girl four years old, I live at 616 Webster St. I have tried to be good, now Santa I want you to bring me a story book and I learn that you have little Telephones and I want you to bring me one. Santa I am not asking for many toys as my daddy is in Camp Grant this Xmas and I don't want you to forget him. Don't forget mamma, grand and papa and York. Please bring me some nuts and candies and oranges.

I am your little girl,
MARGUERITE B. ALLISON.

"Chubby My Soldier Boy."

(Continued from page 3.)

blame;" and followed on behind the silenced Mrs. Wargram who led the way to the dining doom where delicious meats and other eatables gave up a most pleasant incense.

Captain Melner was a big, broad-shouldered man, with a clean autumn brown visage, large bright eyes, filled with mirth and jocandity. He was vigorous, and his air made one feel that there was nothing too small for his consideration or nothing too large for his mastery. He was the soul of efficiency, and possessed a superfine intellect, acute mind and creative imagination. He was a man with whom you could not spend one dull moment out of twenty-four hours, because he could always find something amusing or interesting to say. But that something was never about his fellowman, except in a commendatory way. He had a saying all his own, that man was not to judge man in the last judgement house,, therefore, he should not judge his brother, for the same reasons, today any more than he will tomorrow; that he was confident that if he were Supreme judge of men, himself would be the first man he would consign to hell, so incapable of meting out true justice is mortal man. And this doctrine he had always practiced, to find the fault in himself and right the error by the force of a condemning conscience, rather than to seek to shift his fallacies to the shoulders of his brother. He was a great man, so "Bill" said.

After supper was over, Mrs. Wargram announced to the Captain that he and "Bill's soldier boy would have to go into the front room and take to themselves as she wishe Bill to help her do the dishes, but that it wouldn't be long before both would be in to hear him tell war tales." The Captain laughed good-naturedly and asked her if he couldn't help her "do the dishes."

"No; not by a long shot Cap'n," she replied, holding up her hands in rejectment. "You'd 'stir up the hornets' nest,' I'm 'spectin.' " and then she laughed as only widows can.

So, "Bill's soldier boy and the captain went into the "front room" and began a lively conversation.

"Well, Mr. Farrihel," began Captain Melner, as he leaned forward in his chair," have you made up your mind to be a good soldier?"

Marvin Farrihel smiled in boyish abashment at this question, then after some fidgetting, he answered; "Well Captain, I've decided that I can be no other kind, but—"

"But you'd prefer being a commissioned officer?" was the captain's query.

"No, sir; that's not whatI was going to say just then, Captain, but I think I'd like that job too." He began fidgetting again.

"You would? Very well then, what were you about to say when I interrupted you, Marvin?" The Captain's voice was friendly, and betrayed a keen regret of his premature judgement of the boy's ambition and desires.

"Well, to be frank," young Farrihel began, "I'm wondering why men are considered patriotic if they go to die on the battlefield, and why the country for which they offer themselves in sacrificial defense can treat so lightly such an act as that of a man giving up his life to help settle a quarrel which he was ignorant of, perhaps, and of which he was not an instigator?"

Captain Melner leaned still further forward, his eyes engaging those of the young man who sat before him, began in a serious and reflective manner to return answer. Mr. Farrihel, I suppose that you will excuse me if I fail to give you a satisfactory answer; but I'll give you the best I know. In the first instance, a man is patriotic if he offers up his life for his country because, in forgetting self he remembers others. He establishes, or helps to establish his country's safety, and the peace and security of her people By giving up life he gives life to others; and "greater love hath no man than this, that he give up his life for his friends." But, wait a minute. It is altogether necessary that the cause for which a man gives up his life be a just one. A man serving undeg a military autocracy cannot be said to give up his life, but the same is taken away from him. Such is the state of the men in Germany today. There, there is no patriotism, but Iron and Blood." Captain Melner paused long enough to smile.

"Now, in the second instance," he went on, "we come to a psychological aspect of humanity. It is one of our inherent idiosyncrasies that we forget the things that save us and remember the things that destroy us. Most of us do this. Goodness in a nation is a hypothetical quality. Nations come and go down into oblivion, so to speak, by the same road which their predecessors have found the way to inexistence. There is much more good in us than we are cognizant of, yet we can summon such a small portion of this good that we are seldom ever able to see the good in others. Hence, we think not so much upon their deeds. Do you see it now?"

"Oh, I see," was the animated reply.

Just then Willemeta appeared in the door, leading a tow-head messenger boy, who with cap in hand, strode forward as if he was in the house of the dead, holding before him in his tiny bloodless hand the familiar Western Union envelop. Timidly he handed the envelop to Captain Melner, who eyed him scrutinizingly then smiled and turned to young Farrihel, remarked as he hastily tore open the envelop, "I guess my time's up." He read the message, and sure enough his time was up. He must report immediately at headquarters to receive instructions as to the management of the camp to which he had previously been assigned. He noticed that the word immediately was underscored, and that meant "tonight."

"Well, you may tell them that I'll be there as soon as the Iron Horse can carry me" he said, as he handed the boy a return message which he had hastily scratched on a leaf from his memorandum.

The boy looked at him quizzically.

"Oh, yes son, I'd forgot your tip, you little pest," said the Captain smiling, and looking steadily at Willemeta who stood, her face a picture of disgust, eying the messenger. The Captain then handed the boy a shiny half-dollar, and before he could pocket it Willemeta had him by the ear leading him toward the door and out of the room.

At this junction, Mrs. Wargram came in, wiping her hands on her apron as usual. She eyed first the Captain then young Farrihel suspiciously, but without a word.

Willemeta returned, and on seeing her mother, said to her: "Mamma, I thought you were doing the dishes? You might as well go ahead now. The captain is fixing to leave us. It's no use to—"

"For heaven's sake Captain, don't leave us yet," prayed Mrs. Wargram. "Pardon me for acting so stingy with myself, but I didn't know you were so soon to be gone. What's the matter with you-all?" she asked in misapprehension, as she looked first at the Captain, then at Marvin and lastly at the contemptuous Williemeta.

"It's all right Madam," assayed the Captain. "I've received orders to report at once." And he sank down in his chair suddenly, holding his side. He was stricken—Appendicitis!

The next few minutes were all confusion and anxiety. Willemeta ran to phone the doctor. Marvin loosened the Captains clothes and laid him on the divan, while Mrs. Wargram, poor soul, tried to do a thousand things and only succeeded in doing one; and that was to walk the floor wringing her hands and praying that the Captain might not die.

The doctor soon arrived, and a humorous, well-balanced chap he was. He examined the stricken man carefully, called for water and a glass, and prepared a dose of medicine which Captain Melner gulped down with child-like innocence, then laid his head back down with a sigh of apparent relief.

Mrs. Wargram, still wringing her hands and praying, stopped long enough to come up to the doctor, pussy-foot like, and almost whisper, "Doctor, what's the matter with him? Will he live? Oh, tell me quick!"

The doctor, seeing her predicament, determined to add to it. So, turning to her, while fingering his watch chain as doctors are wont to do when giving a diagnosis to a layman, he spoke seriously enough to make his words delectably humorous: "Why madam, the Captain has an attack of Trenchcritis, or warbelly-ache, and though apparently serious, it is not necessarily critical or fatal." He winked at Marvin who could scarcely restrain his laughter.

The doctor was right. The ailment was serious , as the patient soon relapsed into a condition of intense suffering.

"And he's telegraphed them he'd come tonight," remarked Willemeta as she leaned forward and gazed into the pain wrought face of the suffering army officer.

"God knows," gasped Mrs. Wargram, "what shall be done? If they get the telegram they'll be 'spectin' him; and if he don't show up they'll fire him. God knows!" And she looked down into the face of Captain Melner, her eyes steeped in tears, for just one painful moment, then resumed her anxious pacing back and forth.

Willemeta looked at young Farrihel appealingly, apparently desiring to speak, but she only gazed straight at him as if she sought to read his heart and divine his thoughts.

"You must go, Marvin, as the Captain's proxy. It's the only chance," said Willemeta, earnestly, appealingly.

"For the Lord's sake, go dear boy," prayed Mrs. Wargram as she threw her arms about the young man's neck.

"Will you go?" entreated the Captain, opening his eyes and speaking with difficulty, in a voice scarcely above a whisper. Then continuing, he said: "Tell them I sent you as my aide-camp; that you are to receive whatever orders meant for me; that I am very sick, but will arrive as soon as my condition improves; and—" he was suffering the most excruciating pains and could speak no more.

"I will go, and do my best," replied boy, until I come to you no matter where you are," and she turned away in tears, for she hated to see him leave her.

That night thetrain rocked on amid its tumultuous rumble, ramming the darkness and bearing the young man plied young Farrihel, bending over the Captain, looking piteously into his face. Then he dropped the hand which he held and turned to go.

"God be with you, my soldier boy," said Willemeta, as she clung about the neck of the boy, whose face was almost pale. "God be with you and protect you, my brave little soldier further away from his home and his "Bill." But she was with him, for out of the shadows he saw her smiling face coming, coming, nearer and nearer and nearer until their lips almost touched—but did not—the phantom fled.

And Willemeta Wargram kissed the image of the boy in khaki, and remembered that since that night when she had clung to him praying that God might be with him and keep him, she had not looked into the youthful, smiling face of her soldier boy. But she remembered that she was still happy, because he had proven a worthy and capable young man. Had discharged his duties so well and with such dispatch as to gain for him numerous rewards and promotions at the Training Camp. Moreover, he had written her quite often, and had always addressed her as "My Dear Bill," and had told her that he was happy and delighted with his new work. He was proud of the sweaters she had knitted for him; appreciated the comfort kit, and lastly, hope to come home safely to see her and walk down the garden path again with her.

Willemeta arose from her seat, kissed the image of the boy in khaki, clasped it to her bosom, then held it at arms length upward, and prayed, "God' keep my soldier boy an dbe with him; an dsome day bring him back to me, a hero and a man."

She then began to wrap the Christmas present she had bought for him.

DR. A. L. WHITTAKER,
A prominent young Dentist.

SW. CROSTHWAITE,
Reporter Nashville Banner

MR. T. CLAY MOORE,
Capitalist.

MR. C. N. LANGSTON,
Cashier One Cent Savings Bank.

MR. CLENDENEN.

Cumberland Furnace, Tenn.
December 15, 1917.
Dear Santa Claus:—

Here is your little girlie writing you again as it is near time for you to come around again to see your little people. I have been very good and very bad, but mother said if I would continue being good you would remember me. I am afraid my letter will be too long so I will begin to tell you what I want you to bring me, a doll, a doll bed, a piano, and me some shoes, a hat, a coat, some fruits and candies. Remember mother, father and my sick sister likes nice fruits. I wish you would remember my two cousins, Lucy and Birdie May Dodson in Indianapolis, Ind., my teacher, Mrs. R. E. Armstrong. I will close, looking for you soon.

Your girl,
LAURA MAE CARTER.

P. S.—I am ten years old and go to school every day.

Dear Santa Claus:—

I am a good little boy three years old Saturday. I wish you would please bring me an auto, big horse and choo choo train and plenty of good things to eat and dear Santa don't forget my three little cousins and my two little cousins in Nashville, 214 N. 8th and my mother there and my ma and papa, Now Santa I guess you know I don't live in Nashville, I live in Chicago, Ill., 1844 Fulton street. Please don't forget me.

Your little boy,
LESLIE L. ROWAN, JR.

Dear Santa Claus:—

I am asking for a very little this time. I have been a nice girl all the year, am eight years old and in 3rd A grade, please bring me a coat and cap, a box of oranges, nuts and candies, bring brother something, remember mamma and papa.

Your little girl,
REBA YSOBEL THOMAS.
1815 Heffernan Street.

17 Trimble Street.
Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 1917.
Dear Santa Claus:—

This is what Jesse White wants, two suits of underwear, two petticoats, one dress, two pairs of hose. I am a little girl seven years old and supporters, rubbers and gloves.

Mary White, I am a little girl nine years old in school studying 2nd B. Please bring me a dress, shoes, rubbers, two union suits, two pairs of hose, a black board and red leggins and hair ribbon.

Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 17, 1917.
Dear Santa Claus:—

I am a little girl five years old, will you please bring me a doll, doll bed and buggy, A B C blocks and book and please bring me all kinds of fruits and nuts and bring my little brother some new dresses and stockings and a rattler. Please come to see my mamma and papa and my little friend across the street.

I am your little girl,
VIRGINIA MAI AVANT.

My little brother's name is Andrew Eugene.

Sandersville, Tenn., Dec. 16, 1917.
Dear Santa Claus:—

I have been very good and don't want you to forget me, bring me something good any thing that is nice will do me, remember my sisters and brothers, papa and mother. One thing Santa please bring me a real kitten, my kitten is dead. Don't fail to come. I am four years old.

Your little girl,
IDA LOUISIE BUFORD.

Sandersville, Tenn., Dec. 15, 1917.
Dear Santa Claus:—

I am a little girl five years old, live at Avondale, will go to bed early and shut my eyes tight. I want a boy doll, coffee mill and pair of rubbers, plenty of good things to eat, please don't forget aunt Nan and pap. My pap's will telephone you what else I want. Good bye.

Yours,
NANCY MARIE CULLOM.

Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 16, 1917.
Dear Santa Claus:—

I am a little bit boy only one year and four months old, you were so kind to remember me last year so please remember me this year. I want a rocking horse, some stockings, a cap, cloak and leggins, remember my dear little sisters and brother, bring them something useful, bring my dear papa, mamma and my little puppy Bronca something too.

Your little baby boy,
ROBERT T. GRAHAM.
13 Lewis St.

Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 16, 1917.
Dear Santa Claus:—

I am a smart girl, so my mother says. I am in the 4th B grade. I have got good marks all the year, now please remember me and bring me some useful things. I have all the toys that a girl can wish for, so bring me something nice to wear and a lots of good things to eat, remember Miss Honesty, my teacher and Miss Berry, my past teacher, bring my parents something nice.

From your little friend,
LOUISE E. GRAHAM.
13 Lewis St.

Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 16, 1917.
Dear Santa Claus:—

Here I am again, please bring me something nice. I have lots of toys already so bring me anything nice for a little girl, remember my dear little cousin in Chicago, Edwin Murray, 4212 Indiana Ave. Also Aunt Louise and Uncle D. R., also Mr. Charley, mamma, papa and all of my friends, my little brothers and sisters and big mamma.

Your little friend,
WILL LINDA GRAHAM.
13 Lewis St.

MR. LOVELL LANDERS,
Foreman Mailing Department, N. B. P. B.

Dear Santa Claus:—

This is my first Xmas. I will not ask for much. Please bring me a rattler, jumping jack, horn, rubber ring and some candy. I can eat as I am a little boy only eleven months old.

Your little boy,
MR. T. B. BOYD, JR.
1600 Heiman St.

Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 16, 1917.
Dear Santa Claus:—

Please bring me a sweater coat, gloves, and anything my mother and father see fit to tell you, of all remember my little sisters and little brother Robert, he is the sweetest little fellow you ever did see. He has nearly all of his teeth and can eat all the candy, nuts, oranges and nice things you will bring him, remember my parents and grand parents, my teacher, also Miss Vernon, also my principal, Mr. Vassar. .

Your little friend,
JOHN W. GRAHAM, JR.
13 Lewis St.

46 Maury Street.
Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 11, 1917.
Dear Santa Claus:—

I am going to write to you to be sure I am not forgotten, I think you ought to be very nice to me for I am my mother's baby only two years old. I am very good and smart so bring me a pair of shoes, stockings, cap, gloves and plenty to eat, nuts, candy and oranges and anything else you thing I'll like. Don't forget my sisters Ardelle, Irene and Christine, also mother and the rest of the family, be sure and come early now for I shall be in bed very early, good bye.

Lovingly,
VIVIAN M. McKISSACK.

Dear Santa Claus:—

As this is my second Xmas I want a whole lots of pretty things. Please bring me a big doll, story book that will not break, Indian suit, building blocks, candies, oranges and lots of goodies, remember my little brother and little cousins.

Your little girl,
ROSE EVELYN BOYD.
1600 Heiman St.

46 Maury Street.
Nashville, Tenn., Dec. 11, 1917.
Dear Santa Claus:—

Here I am again, so don't be surprised to hear from me. I have been good all the year, mother says I am the best in the house. I go to Napier School, I am seven years old, 1st A grade. Please be as nice to me as you were last Xmas. I want most of my things so I can wear them. I like to eat so don't forget that, I am expecting a lot of nuts, candy and oranges, don't forget my teacher, Mrs. Anderson, my sister Ardelle, Christine and Vivian and my mother and grandpa McKissack.

Lovingly,
IRENE McKISACK.